

MR. DOOLEY ON A BROKEN FRIENDSHIP

By F. P. Dunne. Pictures by Gordon Ross.

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"Their Art Had Ours Thrimmed to a Frazzle."

OGAN was in here just now," said Mr. Dooley, "an' he tells me he was talkin' with th' Alderman an' they both agreed we're sure to have war with th' Japs inside iv two years. They can see it comin'. Befure very long thim little brown hands acrost th' sea will hand us a crack in th' eye an' thim ye'll see throuble."

"What's it all about?" asked Mr. Hennessy. "Divvie a thing can I make out iv it," said Mr. Dooley. "Hogan says we've got to fight fr' th' supremacy iv th' Passyfic. Much fightin' I'd do fr' an ocean, but havin' taken th' Philippeens, which ar-re a blamed nuisance, an' th' Sandwich Islands, that're about as vallyable as a toy balloon to a horseshoer, we've got to grab a lot iv th' surroundin' dampness to protect thim. That's wan reason why we're sure to have war. Another reason is that th' Japs want to sind their little forty-five-year-old childher to be iddyvated in th' San Francisco public schools. A third reason why it looks like war to Hogan an' th' Alderman is that they'd been drinkin' together."

"Wud ye iver have thought 'twas possible that anny wan in this country cud even talk iv war with thim delightful, cunning little Oryentals? Why, 'tis less than two years since Hogan was comin' home fr'm th' bankit iv th' Union iv Usurers with his arms around th' top iv a Jap's head while th' Jap clutched Hogan affectionately about th' waist an' they sung 'Gawd Save th' Mickydoo.' D'ye raymber how we hollered with joy whin a Rooshyan Admiral put his foot through th' bottom iv a man-iv-war an' sunk it. An' how we cheered in th' theaytre to see th' cute little sojers iv th' Mickydoo mowin' down th' brutal Rooshyan moojiks with masheen guns. An' fin'ly whin th' Japs had gone a thousand miles into Rooshyan territory an' were about busted an' ayeher had to stop fightin' or not have car fare home our worthy President, ye know who I mean, jumped to th' front an' cried: 'Boys, stop it. It's gone far enough to satisfy th' both iv ye.' An' th' angel iv peace brooded over th' earth an' crowded lustily."

"Day after day th' pa-apers come out an' declared, in th' column next to th' half-page ad iv th' Koppenheimer bargain sale that th' defeat iv Rooshya was a judgment iv th' Lord on th' Czar. If ye saw a Jap annywhere ye asked him to take a drink."

"Hogan talked about nawthin' else. They were a wonderful little people. How they had divviled! Nawthin' in th' hishty iv th' wurruld was akel to th' way they'd come up. They cud shoot straighter an' oftener thim anny other nation. A Jap cud march three hundred miles a day fr' eight days with nawthin' to eat but a

gumdrop. They were highly civvylized. It was an old civvylization, but not tainted be age. Millions iv years befor th' first white man set fut in Milwaukee th' Japs undershtud th' manny facher iv patent wring-gers, sewin' macheens, reapers, tellyphones, autymobills, ice cream freezers, an' all th' other wondhers iv our boasted Westhren divilopement."

"Their custom showed how highly they'd been civvylized. Whin a Jap soldier was defeated rather than surrendher an' be sint home to have his head cut off he wud stab himself in th' stum-mick. Their treatment iv women put thim on a higher plane thim ours. Cinchies ago befor th' higher iddyvication iv women was threamed iv in his country, th' poor-

est man in Japan cud sind his daughter to a tea house, which is th' same as our female seminaries, where she remained till she graduated as th' wife iv some proud noble iv th' old Samuri push. Their art had ours thrimmed to a frazzle. Th' Jap artist O'Casey's pitcher iv a lady leanin' on a river while a cow walked up her back, was th' loveliest thing in th' wurruld. They were th' gr-reatest athletes iver known. A Japanese child with rickets cud throw Jiffries over a church. They had a secret iv rasslin' be which a Jap rassler cud blow on his opponent's eyeball an' break his ankle. They were th' finest soordsmen that iver'd been seen. Whin a Japanese soordsman wint into a combat

excel in they had us beat miles. They were th' gr-reatest liars in th' wurruld an' formerly friends iv th' Prisdint.

"All these here things I heerd fr'm Hogan an' see in th' pa-apers. I invied this wondher-ful nation. I wisht, sometimes, th' Lord hadn't given mo two blue an' sometimes red eyes an' this alkiline nose, but a nose like an ear an' a couple iv shoe-buttons fr' eyes. I wanted to be a Jap an' belong to th' higher civvylization. Hogan had a Jap frind that used to come in here with him. Hogan thought he was a Prince, but he was a cook an' a student in a theological sim-inry. They'd talk be th' hour about th' beauties iv what Hogan called th' Flowery Kingdom. 'Oh, wondherful land,' says Hogan, 'Land iv chrysanthymums an' cherry blossoms an' gayshee girls,' says he. 'Jap-an is a beautiful land,' says Prince Okoko. 'Nippon, (that's th' name it goes by at home,) Nippon, I salute ye,' says Hogan. 'May vichtry perch upon ye'er banners, an' may ye hammer our old frinds an' allies fr'm Mook-den to Moscow. Banzai,' says he. An' they embraced. That night, in order to help on th' cause, Hogan bought a blue flower pot fr'm th' Prince's collection fr' eighteen dollars. He took it home indher his ar-rm in th' rain an' th' next mornin' most iv th' flower pot was on his new overcoat an' th' rest was meltin' all over th' flure."

"That was the beginnin' iv th' end iv th' frindship between th' two gr-reat nations that owe thimself so much. About th' time Hogan got th' flower pot, th' fire sale ads an' th' Rooshyan outrage news both stopped in th' news-pa-apers. A well-known financer who thravelled to Tokeo with a letter iv intraduction to th' Mickydoo fr'm th' Prisdint beginnin', 'Dear Mick, got a brick put through his hat as he

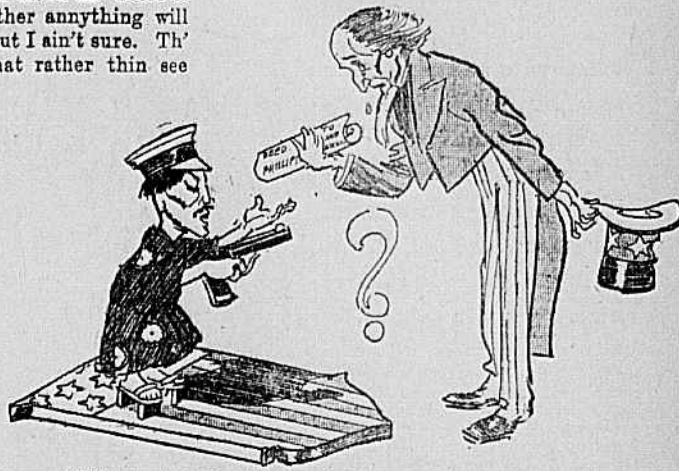
derin' Majesty, Impror iv th' Sun, austere an' patient Father iv th' Stars, it has come to our benign attintion that in wan iv ye'er populous domains our little prattlin' childher who ar-re over forty years iv age ar-re not admitted to th' first reader classes in th' public schools. Oh, brother beloved, we adore ye. Had ye not butted in with ye'er hivenly binivoleness we wud've shook Rooshya down fr' much iv her hateful money. Now we must prove our affection with acts. It is our intintion to sind a fleet to visit ye'er shores, partikly San Francisco, where we undherstand th' school system is well worth studyin'."

"An' there ye ar-re, Hinnissy. Th' frindship cemented two years ago with blood an' beers is busted. I don't know whether annything will happen. Hogan thinks so, but I ain't sure. Th' Prisdint has announced that rather thim see wan octoginarian Jap prevented fr'm learnin' his a-bee-abs he will divas-tate San Francisco with fire, flood, dynamite, an' personalities. But San Francisco had had a pretty good bump lately an' wud hardly tur-rn over in its sleep fr' an invasion. Out there they're beginnin' to talk about what nice people th' Chinese ar-re compared with our old frinds an' allies. They say that th' Jap'nese grow up too fast fr' their

childher, an' that 'tis no pleasant sight to see a Jap'nese pupil comb in a set iv grey whiskers an' larnin': 'Mary had a little lamb,' and if th' Prisdint wants thim to enther th' schools he'll have to load thim in a cannon an' shoot thim in."

"We'd bate thim in a fight," said Mr. Hennessy. "They cudden't stand up befor a gr-reat, strong nation like ours."

"We think we're gr-reat an' sthrong," said Mr. Dooley. "But maybe we on'y look fat to thim. Anyhow, we might roll on thim. Wud-den't it be th' grand thing though if they looked us an' we signed a theaty iv peace with thim an' with tears iv humiliation in our eyes handed thim th' Ph'lippeens!"



"Wuddent It Be th' Grand Thing if We Handed Them th' Philippeens."

A Bread-Winning Romance

By Nellie Best-Seller, Author of "Editors Who Have Rejected Me" and "Judicious Flirtations With Chunks of Atmosphere."

AS WRITTEN IN 1897. ELIZABETH DE HAUTVILLE loved Harold Higgins. Her father was a millionaire politician and Harold was a young, poor lawyer. They met near the top of the Palisades one Summer afternoon while they were enjoying a bicycle ride. As Harold came upon her he found his Elizabeth standing in the road by the side of her machine. Dank despair was written on her rose-hued, sun-kissed countenance. One glance told him that one of her tires had burst. Springing from his wheel lightly, our young hero doffed his cap and said politely, "May I be of any assistance to you, young lady?" "Kind Sir," she responded, blushing furiously, "you are too noble. Have you a bicycle pump?"

"I have," he cried, "and some tire tape and a patch. Give me your wheel." In ten minutes he had repaired it and they rode, side by side, along the sun-kissed stretches of the Palisades to the paddling Fort Lee ferryboat. It was dark by the time they reached the city, and Harold rode with her to her door. "Good night, dear one," said he. "To-morrow I am going to ride in Central Park. Do you ever ride in Central Park on the West Drive near Nineteenth Street, between three-forty and three-forty-five?"

"To-morrow," she sighed rapturously. Silently he rode away in the gathering dusk. It is the next afternoon, and Harold is riding along the West Drive. Suddenly his heart leaps. Ahead of him he espies the familiar figure of Elizabeth as she pedals along gracefully. He joins her, and they ride side by side through the Park. They reach the Mall. Suddenly Harold pauses as a tall dark man crosses in front of them.

"There goes," he cried, "the blackest villain who ever darkened this earth. Before I get through with him he'll be behind the bars, where he belongs. He robbed my father; he sold him a milk depot on Broadway, near Twenty-eighth Street, for nineteen thousand five hundred dollars. I am suing him now. Three times I have had him in court. Three times his minion Judges have dismissed my case before I opened my mouth. But I will have him yet."

Just then Elizabeth looked up. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed. "My father!"

"Then we must part," he said.

"But I love you madly," she replied.

"Be mine, Elizabeth," he cried. "I am poor, but as long as I have these two hands you will never suffer. We will buy a little cottage in the Bronx, whence I can come to New York every day for my daily toll. We will watch the morning glories climb and hear the nightingales singing in the trees."

"Happiness," she exclaimed, as he clasped her in his arms.

Thus they rode in the gathering dusk.

The next day they eloped on their trusty wheels. Her father pursued them hotly on his chainless safety, but they eluded him near Peekskill and were married ere the sun sank below the western hills. With the money that Harold got from the old man when the Republicans won a judiciary election they lived happily ever after.

AS WRITTEN IN 1907.

Elizabeth De Hautville loved Harold Higgins. Her father was a life insurance President and Harold was a young legal light. They met near the top of the Palisades one Summer afternoon while they were enjoying an automobile ride. As Harold came upon her he found Elizabeth standing in the road by the side of her machine. Springing lightly from his car, our young hero doffed his goggles and said politely, "May I be of any assistance to you, young lady?"

"Kind Sir," she responded, blushing furiously, "you are a thoro gentleman. Have you a sparking plug?"

"I have," he cried, "and a monkey wrench and a new shoe, and a spare tonneau."

In ten minutes he had repaired her automobile, and they dashed, side by side, along the sun-kissed stretches of the Palisades to the twin-screw propelling Fort Lee ferryboat. It was dark by the time they reached the city, and Harold rode with her to her garage. "Good night, dear one," said he. "To-morrow I am going to ride to Chicago. Do you ever

ride on the new turnpike between Toledo and Fort Wayne between four-forty and four-forty-five?"

"To-morrow," she sighed rapturously.

Silently he puffed away in the gathering dusk.

It is the next afternoon, and Harold is scooting along the turnpike near Columbus, Ohio. Suddenly his heart leaps. Ahead of him he espies the familiar figure of Elizabeth, clad in a coonskin mantle as she throbs along gracefully. He joins her, and they race side by side along the road. They reach Indianapolis. Suddenly Harold pauses as a tall, dark man crosses in front of him.

"There goes," he cried, "the blackest villain who ever darkened this earth. Before I get through with him he'll be in Paris dodging extradition. He robbed my father. He sold him a sixty-year gold bond endowment annuity. Three times I have had him in court. Three times the Attorney General has served an injunction on me not to sue him. But I will have him yet."

Just then Elizabeth looked up. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed. "My father!"

"Then we must part," he said.

"But I love you madly," she replied.

"Be mine, Elizabeth," he cried. "I am poor, but as long as there are mining prospectuses in Nevada that need charters you will never suffer. We will buy a little mansion in Poughkeepsie, whence I can come to New York every day to my daily graft. We will watch the orchids climb and hear the paradise birds singing in the trees."

"Happiness," she exclaimed, as he clasped her in his manly embrace.

Thus they rode in the gathering dusk.

The next day they eloped in their trusty cars. Her father pursued them hotly in his two-hundred-power Hardpan, but they eluded him near Montreal and were married ere the sun sank beneath the Rocky Mountains. After the insurance investigation Harold gathered his extra profits from his father's endowment policy, and they lived happily ever after.

TO BE WRITTEN IN 1917.

In the coming version of this romance, now in the course of preparation, Harold meets Elizabeth somewhat over the Palisades—two thousand feet above them, in fact. He finds her drifting helplessly in the empyrean for want of an anchor rope and a few sandbags. These our young hero supplies, and he and his lady love float over the Fort Lee tunnel to the roof of the parental mansion. By this time her father has become an advanced Socialist and is still the superlatively saturnine villain of his day and generation. He is, however, felled as usual. Harold and Elizabeth elope in their \$9,000 cubic foot capacity dirigible airship and are pursued by the old man in his aeroplane. They elude him near Labrador, and are wedded the following afternoon near the wireless telegraph station at Greenland. Harold buys a New York suburban cottage in Tennessee, journeys to and fro daily in the pneumatic air tube connecting these localities, and the young couple again manage to live happily ever thereafter.

The Fruitage of the Years

By Warwick James Price.

The old year's dead!

—And whether it stool friend or foe,

And whether chime or knell it heard;

Whate'er it held of weal or woe,

To-day it rests a-sepulchred,—

To-day its requiem is said,

The old year's dead.

The old year's dead!

—And as in retrospect we look

Across its fading, traveled ways,

We read, as from an open book,

Of much to blame, of less to praise.

We lived. Enough. Those hours are sped.

The old year's dead.

The new year comes!

—It comes with offerings masked and blind;

With days of sun, with weeks of shade;

Sweet kernels in its stubborn rind

For him who meets it unafraid;

With euke, as well as crusts and crumbs,

The new year comes.

The new year comes!

—And he who rides into its lists,

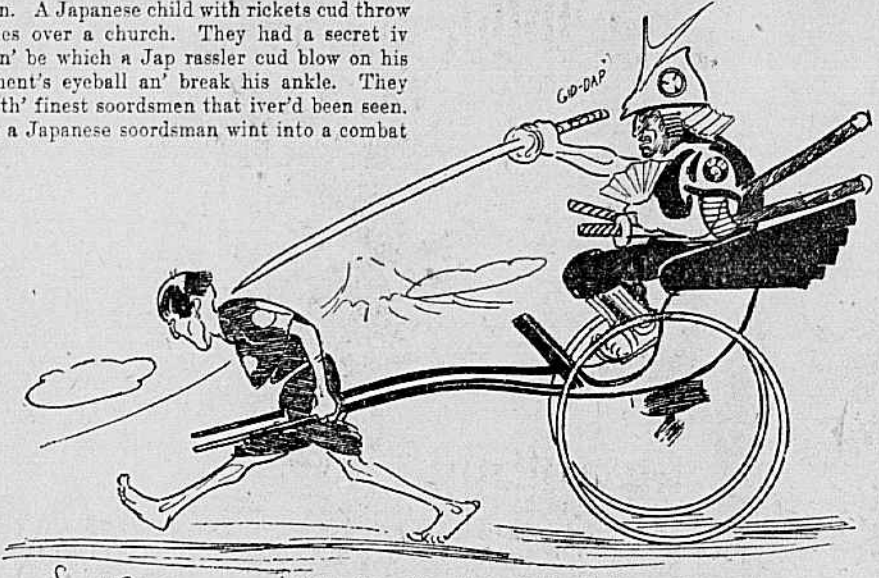
Strong in the schooling of the past,

Will bear down all antagonists,

And fare forth conqueror at last.

'Tis cheerful work that solves all sums!

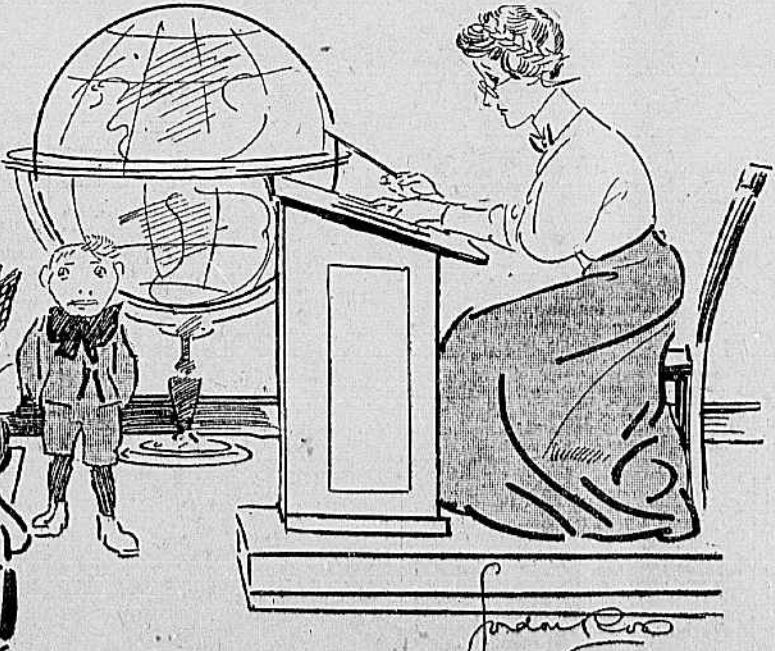
The new year comes!



"The Poor Man Had a Splendid Chance."

he made such faces that his opponent dropped his sword an' thim he uttered a blood curdin' cry, waved his sword four hundred an' fifty times over th' head iv th' victim or in th' case iv a Samuri eight hundred an' ninety-six, give a whoop resimblin' our English wurrud 'tag,' an' clove him to th' feet. As with us on'y th' lower classes engaged in business. Th' old aristocracy distained to thrade but started banks an' got all th' money. Th' poor man had a splendid chance. He cud devote his life to paintin' wan rib iv a fan fr' which he got two dollars, or he cud become a cab horse. An' even in th' wan branch iv art that Westhren civvylization is supposed to

wint to visit th' fourth assistant to th' manicure iv th' eighth assistant to th' plumber iv th' brick-layer iv th' Mickydoo, which is th' nearest to his Majesty that foreign eyes ar-re permitted to look upon. A little later a number iv Americans in private life who wint over to rayceive in person th' thanks iv th' Impror fr' what they'd done fr' him talkin' ar-round th' bar at th' Union League Club, were forced be th' warmth iv their rayception to take refuge in th' house iv th' Rooshyan counsel. Th' next month some iv th' subjects iv our life-long frind an' ally were shot while hookin' seals fr'm our side iv th' Passyfic. Next week a prominent Jap'nese statesman was discovered payin' a sovcial visit to th' Ph'lippeens. He had with him at th' time two cameras, a couple iv line men, surveyin' tools, a thousand feet iv tape line an' a bag iv dynamite bombs. Last month th' Jap'nese Government wrote to th' Prisdint: 'Most gracious an' bewil-



"Learnin' 'Mary Had a Little Lamb.'"

